

NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE DOCTRINE OF UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE AND MISCELLANY OF CHASTE AND MORAL TENDENCY.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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THE GAMBLER.

"This gambling," said my father, "is cruel business—cruel on all hands—if you lose, it is cruelty to yourself to your family and creditors; if you win, it is equal cruelty to your neighbor, his family and creditors—and you," he would add with emphasis, "you must be fearfully cruel if you can find any enjoyment in spending the hard earnings of another; aye, worse in spending nine times in ten, the bitter earnings of a wretched wife and starving children, who have been robbed by an abandoned husband and father for your supply"—Here, he would stop and covering his face with both hands, would lean upon the table, as if to shut out some horrid vision; but what that vision was I never could exactly ascertain. My father was a good man and keenly sensitive to all, even the slightest suffering, but his words were few. He would seem ready to burst with emotion, yet would never utter a harsher expression than, "Oh, it was cruel, cruel, cruel!" Gambling met his unqualified abhorrence. He considered it the fruitful source of all iniquity. He thought of no crime, heard and read of none, but he would say of the perpetrator, if he said any thing, "that man was a gambler." He was once summoned on a Coroner's Inquest, to view the mangled body of a murdered citizen. "Oh; he exclaimed, "this was cruel, very cruel, some gambler has done it." Whether my father was correct or not, in his views upon that subject, I shall not pretend to decide; this much I can say in truth, that from a family of nine boys, not one has been known to gamble even for a penny or a pin.

I entered college early in life with my father's blessing and many of his feelings. Congeniality of soul or proximity of rooms, or chance, no matter which, made me soon acquainted with the hero of this story. We became intimates and friends before the first quarter had expired.

He was then young, gay, and innocent—uncommonly social and benevolent in his feelings, reckless of himself and of his money, without appearing rash or extravagant—and candid in his social intercourse even to a fault. It is difficult to know or tell precisely why we love any individual: but there was in Edward Worth something that could not be mistaken—a certain openness, frankness of feature, tone and expression, that seemed always to say, "if you doubt me, come look in my heart." There was no guile there and you could have sworn there

was none—the heart shone as clear and spotless through his open countenance, as the sunbeam through the clearest transparency. I never knew a man whose face was such a tell-tale of the feelings—to doubt him, seemed to me the rankest infidelity, and I mingled with his, all my hopes, joys, sorrows and secrets, as unreservedly as a lover ever did with the object of his idolatry.

Three years passed away without any thing to disturb the harmony of our spirits. The same traits of character that had charmed myself, were noticed and felt in their sweet influence by all around him. I recollect an instance. Whilst sitting tete-a-tete with a young lady, whose brother had a violent, or rather ridiculous quarrel with my friend, about some trifling affair, Edward came into the room. The lady, who was a mere visitor among us, inquired with much animation, "who is that noble fellow?" She had probably heard her brother's bitter slang—for as I repeated the name of Worth she exclaimed, "it is not possible! why I thought he was as ugly as sin, brother you told me so." Her brother stood before her, and merely said with what I thought a sneer, "yes but we have settled our quarrel and buried the hatchet." I confess that I felt suspicious of that sneer, for the moment, but Edward soon joined us and I thought no more of it. I felt suspicious merely because I knew the fellow was malicious but I could not foresee the hellish plot he was laying by this pretended reconciliation. His name was James Wood. To describe him, I need only say, that when I think of him, I think of the devil at the same time; let that suffice.

Not long after this, Edward appeared cold and neglectful. He was frequently absent from morning prayers; his classics seemed to have lost all their wonted charm and our literary clubs were almost entirely abandoned. "What can this mean?" was repeatedly asked but never answered. At first I was fearful I had unwittingly given offence, but when I saw all that he once appeared to love, abandoned in the same manner, I resolved to ascertain the cause whatever pain it might cost me.

"My dear fellow" said I, as he past me one morning from the commons, "will you answer me one question?" "Yes a thousand if you please." "What have I done, or said, or thought—or what has the old chapel done, or either of your favorite authors, that you treat us so frosty, so repulsively? You were not formerly so." "Nothing in the world, Wallace," said he, "it is all your jealousy." "Jealousy! Edward, there is a blush on your face; do wipe it off, for it kills my confidence." "It is warm," said he, and we parted. It was December—

A few evenings after I saw Edward pass my window, after the nine o'clock bell had dismissed all from their books. I determined to follow him. I soon saw him enter the basement story of the old Tontine, a house of refreshments. I gazed through the windows, but he was not to be seen—I entered, made some trifling purchase, but found not my friend. I went out, passed

round the Tontine to the rear—the dog met me at the postern gate and growled—I returned procured some penny cakes, threw them to vernal Cerberus and thereby obtained free ingress and egress.

I have before mentioned my education and feelings on the subject of gambling. Imagine then my utter astonishment and agony, when through the broken blinds I saw my only friend, to whom I could have given my heart's blood, if necessary—gambling—yes gambling with a circle of abandoned wretches and drunkards.—There was another person there, who had as I believed him, I did not expect to see—a malicious smile sat on his face, and I thought I heard him chuckle with delight, as one after another of my friend's stakes were swept off by those professed swindlers. It was James Wood—I saw or thought I saw through the whole trickery at once. This Wood was Edwards partner in the game, yet all the while playing into the hands of their opponents, subsequently to receive his own loss back, and his dividend of the spoils. "Good God!" I exclaimed. The sound broke upon their ears—they all startled from their seats, and I, for the first time, felt like a spy. Leaving the dog to give what account he pleased of my exclamation, I fled to my room, and spent a sleepless night, in vain attempting to invent some probable means to save Worth from the ruin that awaited him.

The next morning Edward came to my room soon after recitation. Believing prudent policy the wisest, I received him as usual; yet I am confident my voice betrayed some emotion, for he immediately said "Wallace you are not well, you studied too late last night." "No, no, Edward my studies are not to be blamed, this time at least," said I mournfully. "Right, right, a late roost upon the back window of the Tontine, eh?—a spy! by Heaven, a spy! do you understand me!" not exactly, I said evasively—"not exactly—very well I want one hundred dollars do you exactly understand that?"

This was too much for my agitated feelings—I was poor—Edward knew it, and had of his own accord loaned me this one hundred dollars to meet my contingent expenses. He had been kind and generous to me but now I felt he was cancelling the whole obligation. No, not the whole, for voluntary kindness, can never be entirely cancelled by subsequent unkindness—yet I felt that this was undeserved—I looked him full in the face—Good Heavens! how love and anger contended in my bosom—my blood boiled in every artery. "Edward I would lend you my heart, you know I would, aye, give you my life, if I could save you from that fiend who now controls you. But the money, yes, you shall have it, this very hour," and I immediately left the room.

One hundred dollars were not to be found in every man's pocket, especially when a pennyless fellow was in search for it. However I pledged my books, clothes, &c. and obtained the sum so cruelly demanded. I found Edward in his room—Wood was with him. Exercise had

made me calm again in spirit, though my countenance was flushed. "Mr. Worth here is the money you so kindly lent me, and here is the interest also—with all my heart I thank you." Before he could reply I left his apartment, and from that day no man can persuade me to receive aught that looks like favor or obligation.

From that moment Edward seemed lost to me, and to all who loved him. A wolf in lamb's covering was leading him, and who could tear off the disguise—I would have done it but it was now too late. Our college degrees and honors were soon after conferred, and our class was scattered like young birds from the parent nest—some for the fowler's aim, and some to build homes of their own. I saw no more of my quondam friend for several years. I only heard that he had married a beautiful girl, of whom I had often heard him speak in raptures—that his father was dead and he was sole inheritor of a fortune. Report said also that his habits were not mended, and that a certain Wood was his constant attendant. Perhaps, I thought, perhaps he may yet be saved—I was alone in the world—I longed for my friend again, and the next month found me in his company, bearing an assumed name, and with a disguise that precluded all fear of recognition. I found him living in almost princely style, fond, even doting in his family, and adored by his wife, and more than all, there was a beautiful, an only boy idolized by both. Oh! what a paradise was here for man! and yet the curse of curses was on him; he loved the gambling table more than all his home could afford. His business had no charm—his books no relish, and that manly, noble bearing, of which I have spoken elsewhere, was fast yielding to a petulant, feverish frenzied look, that seemed to say, "The die is cast, on—for heaven's sake on—feed me with play or I shall die."

I found with him and around him friends almost numberless equally anxious with myself and some whose blood rendered them still more so, if more could be. By them, all argument, and all advice and all persuasion had been exhausted without effect before my arrival. There remained no alternative, resolved as I was, to do something, but to obtain initiation into the mysteries of the gambling clubs. A few evenings after Mr. Wilkins was introduced in form and took his seat among the association. To avoid suspicion I affected great fondness for hazard and a strong desire for immediate instruction in the elements of their all-absorbing science. I took special pains to display all the money I could muster for the occasion, and thereby gave them strong hopes of a rich harvest as soon as I was ready for the onslaught. The company was composed of many varieties of character—some richly drunk, and some drunkenly rich—some stupid and some artful, cunning and cautious, whose every motion showed that they were the prime spirits of this Pandemonium, and the others the dupes and victims of their villainy.

The most hellish of their arts, seemed directed against the only noble the only redeeming spirit among them. True, Edward had fallen, deeply fallen, from what he had been; and still he was noble—no mean action had ever tarnished his lofty soul, or dimmed the brightness of his countenance. He did not drink, or brawl or quarrel, but he played with the skill and close calculation of an experienced hand, and with an ardor resembling desperation. But what were these against tricks and dark design? Wood as I before stated, sat almost constantly as his associate in the game, yet played with all his arts in the opposite hands. Every loss seemed only to urge their victim to deeper and still deeper hazard. Sometimes he was the winner but the balance was still continually and fearfully against him. I soon saw

that the wealth of a Cræsus could not long sustain against such annihilating subtractions. His ruin seemed to be already sealed, and only waited publicity to beggar himself and his family. No human arm could save him, no earthly counsel could reach him. He was surrounded, hedged in, aye, buried in an Inquisition of Demons, whence nothing but a miracle could deliver him. His wife complained not, uttered not a murmur in his hearing. Alone she sighed alone she shed those tears, those scalding tears of agony, which woman only can shed and live. I had advised, had written anonymous letters full of argument and persuasion, with vivid portraits of his companions and their dark designs, but they were all mere zephyrs against a hurricane. Despairing of success I had gone for the last time to the gambling room to watch him once more, and bid adieu forever. Worth was there early, was uncommonly restless and seemed intent upon deeper hazard; fifties and hundreds seemed too small. "A thousand—a thousand!" he would have nothing less.

It was near midnight—the room where we met was very retired—the month of July, and the door was partly open for ventilation. Just as the thousand stake was made, a slight rustling was heard in the avenue, and a moment after, a little dog ran in and jumped in Edward's lap; it was his boy's only pet and playmate. How came it there and at this time of night! Edward started as if a scorpion had stung him, and seizing the little pug, rushed along the dark hall, down the precipitous stairway, and was at the street door, before any one had recovered from his surprise sufficient to follow

What a scene was there for a man and a husband! a husband too, who fallen as he was, had never suffered the winds of Heaven to breathe too rudely on his beloved wife! yet there she lay, lifeless, on the flagging. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "what does this mean?" "Mean!" replied the Landlord, "why she has been here every night for a month—and—but Edward heard no more. He raised his wife in his arms—"lay her on this bed" said the obsequious host, throwing open a side door. "I would lay her in her grave first," was the quick reply, and declining all assistance, the wretched husband bore her in his arms to her own home and bed.

It was long ere she revived sufficient to speak. Edward, in the meantime, sat by her, like one just awakened from a horrid dream to the contemplation of still more horrid realities. He bathed her temples and face, manifestly with the deepest anxiety, but he uttered not a word! she had scarcely seemed to breathe when she exclaimed as in a dream—"A thousand dollars, did he say! Oh, my child, my child!" and she sobbed deeply, as from a broken heart; as she opened her eyes and gazed on him, she said, "is it you, Edward? Oh, I have had a fearful dream!" "A dream!" said he, "would to God, it was only a dream! but think no more of it, I have done with it—yes, forever."

But, poor Worth's afflictions had but commenced. The credit of his estate had borne him much beyond its substance; a few weeks found him without house or home of his own. However poignant might have been his feelings, still he met the storm manfully, with honor untarnished by all his desperate associations, he surrendered his last farthing to his creditors without a murmur or a struggle; and strange as it may seem, his faithful partner appeared even happy in the loss and sacrifice that surrounded them. "Go," said she, as she saw article after article of her splendid furniture, pass under the hammer of the auctioneer, "Go, ye trappings which I have gazed on only in my misery; for in losing you, I have won back a husband, to

make me happy, thrice happy even in my poverty."

Amidst these calamities Wood seemed to exult with a fiendish joy. While others sympathized and endeavored to impart comfort, he sought every occasion to slander and insult his fallen victim. The cause of such fearful malice was mystery to every one, but it was soon after explained.

Worth had retired with his wife and boy to a neat but humble dwelling in the neighborhood, and commenced the world anew. His home was now his retreat for every leisure hour, I had called to make myself known, and renew the vows of our friendship. It was evening and Edward had his boy frolicking upon his knee, his wife was removing the tea table from which they had just risen, as I entered. I was contemplating this happy scene, and contrasting it with the gloomy prospects that preceded, when that devil incarnate, Wood, broke in upon their retreat, to take "a fiend's farewell." He stopped in the open entrance, folded his arms, and sneered malignantly, as he said, "now Mr. penniless Worth, I can die contented, for my eyes have seen your ruin and my soul has feasted on your misery,—you triumphed in college honors, but who triumphs now? eh? do you take?" "Take!" I suddenly exclaimed, and oh, I longed to throttle him, and stamp the demon soul out of him. "Take thy reward," I was about to add, as I sprang toward him, but the hand of Worth detained me as he calmly said, "let not this place sacred to retirement, the scene of my repentance, and my resolutions for a new and a better life, be so soon desecrated by contention and bloodshed; sooner or later, heaven will avenge me of that man."

The wretch had gone and we were quiet again. "Now Wilkins," said Worth, "tell me who and what you are, that you should so warmly and frequently interest yourself in my behalf. I once had a friend who might have done as much, but I cruelly cast him off and have not heard from him since—I hope he has gone to heaven." "He is there," said I, throwing off my disguise, "for Edward is himself again, and that is heaven to me." "Wallace!" he exclaimed, and—let silence tell the rest.

The last time I saw Worth, he was surrounded by the good and great, receiving their congratulations for a splendid effort he had been making in the cause of humanity, on the floors of Congress. It was a proud time for him and the cause he was engaged in. His wife, his redeeming angel, was there too, and every look seemed to say, how richly she was now repaid for all her unseen and untold misery. Wood is now a vagabond, without friends and without a resting place, and not one, of all the gang I once met, has now a home except what nature, or the law has given. Two are in the penitentiary and the rest wandering outcasts.—*Rural Repository*.

A SHORT SERMON ON LONG ONES.

Text; Be short.—*Cotton Mather*.

MY FRIENDS—I have forty reasons against long sermons, but for the sake of brevity I shall omit all but two.

1st. Long sermons defeat the object of preaching. The design of the preacher is to convince, instruct and persuade. Now to convince, it is not necessary to dig a channel to the under-standing as long as the Ohio Canal. And generally two good reasons, clearly presented, and powerfully urged, will produce more conviction than twenty. To instruct, neither a whole system of theology, nor a world of illustration, nor a vocabulary of words are necessary. Such surfeiting the mind rejects. To impress, it is not necessary to thunder long and loud. The oak is riven by a single stroke of lightning.—And to persuade, the man who cannot be moved in half an hour, will not be teased into submis-

sion in an hour and a half. So that all beyond a reasonable length in a sermon, is lost, and worse than lost. The lover of truth leaves the house of God with a weary body, a jaded, unfed mind, and a heavy heart; not because the preaching was not evangelical, or was inappropriate, but because of its unreasonable length.

2d. Long sermons drive not a few from the house of God. How often is the excuse made—"I would attend church, but—but—who can endure an endless sermon."

Such an apology may indeed arise from an aversion of heart to the truth; but let the cause be removed, and this excuse at least will die.

TWO REMARKS.

1st. We see one reason why some ministers are so unsuccessful in their preaching. Were they to condense their thoughts, and urge them home briefly, vividly and fervently, with the blessing of God, glorious results would follow.

2d. Let not ministers complain that their hearers sleep, when they themselves rock the cradle; nor of inattention, when they take the direct way to produce it. *Verbum sapienti.*

Cincinnati Journal.

GOOD NEWS.

[The following extract of a letter from Br. Bulkeley, will rejoice the hearts of our readers, we trust, as it has done our own.]

During the cold season past I have spent my time chiefly at Peekskill, Collaburgh, and Sing Sing. The good cause continues to prosper in all those places.

At Collaburgh in particular we have been blest with an outpouring of the spirit, not of fanaticism, but of sober and rational inquiry. It is sometime since the work commenced, numbers it is hoped have been brought out of the darkness of partialism into the glorious light of truth—and the work still goes on. Multitudes flock to our meetings, and the devout and eager attention manifested in listening to the word, evinces a determination, on their part, to push forward in the inquiry after truth, until they have found peace and joy in believing. In our meeting at Peekskill last Sabbath, the congregation was much larger than I have ever before witnessed; and the spirit of candor and serious inquiry that seemed to pervade their minds, furnishes the most cheering ground of hope, that we shall be blessed with an awakening here, similar to that above mentioned. At our last meeting at Sing Sing, eight new members were added to the church; and the friends there still manifest a determination to do, what much needs to be done, and what they have for some time contemplated doing, (i. e.) build a house of worship. May the Lord strengthen their determination, and grant them grace to persevere.

Thy brother in the faith,

SALMON C. BULKELEY.

LETTER FROM MR. BACHELER.

The following communication comes to us in quite an *authoritative* style, but as we choose to have those who feel aggrieved by us, tell their own stories, as far as it may be convenient and proper, we give place to it.

Ed. "Christian Messenger."

Sir—Presuming that you did not intentionally misrepresent facts in your recent notice of the Religious Magazine, I shall expect you to make the proper correction in your next number.

I, Sir, was never Editor of the "Christian Soldier." The paper opposed to Universalism of which I was Editor, was denominated the Anti-Universalist. When I transferred it to other hands, it had a list of about 2000 subscribers, which list was increasing. It then assumed the name of "Christian Soldier," and was continued for two or three years, during the whole of which time I had no connection with it. Thus you perceive, that no paper with which I was connected was discontinued for

want of patronage, or for any other reason, but merely assumed another name on my leaving it.

As to the charge preferred against me of a want of truth and candor in treating on the subject of future retribution, I mistake if you do not find it harder to sustain than to make it. If Universalists, in holding that all shall be saved, do not include all kinds of character, then I confess I know not the signification of the most ordinary terms.

Will you, Sir, do me the justice to show that I have misrepresented Universalism, or retract your charge. I am &c.

O. BACHELER.

New-York, Feb. 13th, 1835.

We did not intend to be understood that the "Christian Soldier" was discontinued on Mr. B.'s hands—we knew it was at that time conducted by a Mr. Johnson. The change of name, from "Anti-Universalist" to "Christian Soldier," we are now certified took place after the transfer from Mr. B. We see not that this is a very essential point, as we believe the *spirit* of it was abundantly retained.

We have no controversy with Mr. Bachelor. He called at our office, (we were, however, absent,) leaving his first No. and desiring an exchange. This we shall freely do. We noticed his work, as the circumstances in our estimation required. It must adopt a different course from that indicated in the article on Future Retribution, ere we can acknowledge it as a candid opposer.

Relative to his third paragraph above, we presume he cannot point to a solitary instance in which a Universalist has contended for the salvation of man in sin, or in his wicked "character."

He desires us to show that he has misrepresented Universalism, or retract our charge. We are not sensible of having preferred charges, strictly speaking. Our remarks are before our readers. If any explanation is needed, we cannot perhaps do better than to give the article on which those remarks were predicated. The reader can then draw his own conclusions, and judge us accordingly. If he can discover candor and argument in it, it is more than we can do. With the present facilities of understanding our sentiment, a person should be ashamed to resort to such means of opposing it. So we think.

* * * We are reluctantly compelled to omit the extract alluded to above till next week.

INDEPENDENT MESSENGER.

The Prize Tale.

It will be remembered by the reader that we published a few weeks since a short article from the Independent Messenger, touching the Prize Tale inserted in No. 1, of this vol. and appended some remarks of our own. We had serious thoughts at the time, of passing the article without notice; and perhaps we should have done, had we been fully aware of the *awful visitation* we were provoking on ourselves, in alluding to it. But friend Adin, (the editor,) had travelled so far out of the way to get another rap at "THE Universalists," and to descant upon the "true doctrine," and "old heathen notions," &c. that we could not but venture a brief allusion to it. Heaven forgive our presumption, and pardon our "chivalrous" spirit, and all our "itching palm to break a lance" in behalf of some lady-love. Experience, it is said, is an excellent school master, and if we do not improve under her lessons in this instance—why the fault must surely be altogether our own.

After this necessary preamble, it is proper that we should inform the reader that in the Independent Messenger of the 7th inst. "cousin Adin," as Br. Drew has it, has come out in, [we were going to say, "great wrath upon us," but we forget—it is our "bristles" that are "up"—it is our "equanimity" that is so sadly "disturbed"] Well, we have this to console us, (and misery they say loves company,) we are not the first and only one guilty of such an egregious mistake—has come out in much *mildness* and *forbearance* in reply to our *testy*, *unchristian*, and at the same time "lugubrious" cogitations! He has set us an example of that *high* and *lofty* bearing which a consciousness of truth ever gives to man, coupled however at the same time with that *meek* and *quiet* spirit which shone so conspicuously in the Master—an example of patience under real, or imaginary wrong, forbearance, long suffering and kindness—in his own estimation at least!

No one in view of the article before us, can question for

a moment his zeal and "spirit"—(we must be cautious in the use of this latter term)—it is little if any behind that of some disciples of old, who in testimony of their sincerity, would even call down "fire from heaven." But we cannot but congratulate the denomination, and ourselves especially, considering the ire which we have thus unfortunately drawn down upon us, that "there is a time to pause, a time to be silent, a time to cease from controversy!"—and what is better than all, that "time" has arrived with "cousin Adin." His fiat has gone forth in its mightiness! It is done! His "controversy" with us "is ended!" He has "done enough," and "said enough" in the way of "opposition, and reproof" to Universalism. God be praised that he has at last become sensible of it. May he have wisdom and aid from above to maintain his commendable resolution.

We have been strongly reminded in this business of a remark made sometime since by our good natured Br. Drew, of the Intelligencer, and, as we conjecture, in reference to this same "cousin Adin." He says,

"There are some Editors who almost always remind us of the homely figure of a barrel of fermenting liquor, in a high state of excitement; who, if another does but step up, and coolly insert a gimblet, fly into a terrible spout and continue to send forth wind and filth for hours after the provocative touch. We have a paper now before us of this description. We would thank Br. Whittemore to keep his gimblet in his pocket."

Now we must have given some unfortunate turn of the "gimblet"—rather, perhaps, we should say *fortunate*, for the highly excited vessel has given one mighty discharge, and relapsed again into quiet, and we have the *promise* of its sleeping, (as Irving somewhere says of Hurl Gate,) "as quietly as an Alderman after dinner!"

But we will not leave the reader to form his opinion from our representation solely. We will do—what Mr. Ballou had not the magnanimity to do for us—we will publish his remarks—appending such notes as we think are specially called for. The references will be found in the body of the article, to the observations at the end. And as we are certified in no obscure or uncertain terms that he has "spoken"—that his "*controversy is ended*," our readers will not be likely to be troubled with it again.

(For the article, see 7th page.)

LECTURES AGAINST UNIVERSALISM.

On Tuesday evening last, the Rev. Mr. Slocum, commenced his course of Lectures in the Orchard-st. Church, on the *Difficulties of Universalism*, as noticed in our last.—It was a novel and interesting sight to see a Clergyman of the Presbyterian Church standing in a Universalist Desk, zealously and honestly presenting the difficulties in his mind to a belief of Universalism. We say *honestly*, for the simple fact of his *being there*, is evidence to us that he is honest. We are much gratified in being able to acquaint our readers that his objections were presented in a manly and christian spirit. Br. Sawyer immediately followed in reply, each speaking better than one hour. Our paper goes to press on Wednesday afternoon, so that at the writing of this, we have only heard the introduction. The course comprises 7 Lectures, and will be continued on each successive evening. The house was crowded to excess, and many were compelled to go away, we understand, without gaining admittance. May truth be promoted.

THE SECOND PREMIUM.

We have the pleasure to announce to our readers and correspondents the names of Brs. C. F. Le Ferre, B. B. Hallock, and H. H. Brown, Esq. of New York, as the Committee to whom will be referred the MSS. offered for our Second Premium of \$25. The reputation of these individuals will be a sufficient guarantee for their equitable decision in the case. From appearances, we shall be able to afford our readers a rich repast in the articles presented in competition.

Religious Notices.

There will be preaching in the Universalist church at Newark, on Sunday, March 1st, (to-morrow, by Br. Hallock or Reeves.

Br. Hitchcock will preach in Newark the 2d Sabbath in March, and at Rahway on the 3d Sabbath.

Br. Bulkeley appoints to preach at Monticello, Sunday March 1; at Burlington Sunday March 8; on Monday evening, the 8th, at Beattysburgh; on Tuesday evening, the 10th, at Wurtsboro; on Thursday evening 12th, at New Windsor, and on Sunday 15th, at Milton.

Original.

OUR BELIEF—No. 7.

We trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, especially of those that believe, 1 Tim. iv, 10.

We believe, lastly, that the *living God*, in whom we put our *trust*, is the absolute *Savior of all men*. This item of faith is the distinguishing feature of the doctrine of Universalism. All who "believe it with the heart unto righteousness, and with the mouth make confession of it unto salvation," Rom. x, 10, no matter by what name they may be called, or how widely they may differ in opinion with respect to other points of theology, are *Universalists*. And it is deeply to be regretted that men believing in this great leading truth of the Gospel, should ever allow a diversity of sentiment on minor points of doctrine, to prevent their "keeping the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." But such is the pertinacity with which we cling to our own peculiar notions, that we are too apt to separate ourselves from all those, who, in the free exercise of their thoughts, do not happen to think exactly as we do. Universalists, calling themselves Restorationists, have seceded from our connexion, and become somewhat virulent in their opposition to the body of the denomination. I am far from believing, however, that all the blame of this unfortunate schism, can be justly charged upon our seceding brethren.—They did not more firmly believe and strenuously contend that the disciplinary chastenings of the Lord will, in some cases, extend beyond the tomb, than others did that God's retributive justice is exercised in this state of being only.

I think it becomes us all to speak with caution and modesty concerning the *precise duration of punishment for sin*. If the Scriptures do warrant the belief that sin is the fruit of the flesh, and cannot be produced by man *after death*, it by no means follows as the necessary conclusion that all punishment for sin must be confined to this mortal state. An *effect* may exist for a season after the *cause* that produced it is destroyed. We do not always recover from the effects produced by a fever, *as soon* as the fever itself is removed from the system. Although entirely released from the fever, its *consequences* may be felt in bodily infirmity, during life. There is much force in the main argument contained in the following from Dr. Channing: "There is nothing more striking in the mind, than the connexion of its successive states. Our present knowledge, thoughts, feelings, characters, are the results of former impressions, passions, and pursuits. We are at this moment what the past has made us; and to suppose, that at death, the influences of all our whole past course are to cease on our minds, and that a character is to spring up altogether at war with what has preceded it, is to suppose the most important law or principle of the mind to be violated—is to destroy all analogy between the present and the future, and to substitute for experience the wildest dreams of fancy." No person doubts the *ability* of the Supreme Being, to deliver the whole human family from the effects of sin in less time than Saul of Tarsus was converted to the truth. But changes in human character are *usually gradual and progressive*; and we should not believe in an *immediate change* from sinfulness to holiness, without the most indubitable authority. To know upon what *principle* the Divine Being punishes the sinful subjects of his government, is of more importance to us, than it would be to be made acquainted with the *exact duration* of punishment for sin. And if we can agree in belief as to the *end designed* by "the chastenings of the Lord," we ought certainly to be willing to waive all dispute about the *duration* of penal sufferings.

Although we acknowledge the *moral freedom* of man, we deny that *infinite consequences*

will result from his *finite* actions. It would be an act, neither of wisdom nor of goodness in God, to place our immortal interests in our own power, and allow our *final destiny* to be determined by some unforeseen and unintentional circumstances. If he has given us all that his store-house of mercy can afford, and will now suffer us to forfeit even the promised blessedness in *Christ*, it would seem that he has been less provident than the father of the prodigal son; for he reserved "*the best robe*" for his disobedient child. The *special* salvation, spoken of by Paul, is peculiar to the believer, and is the result of our faith and good works in life. Future blessedness in *Christ*, which is promised to all the nations, families and kindreds of the earth, is absolutely *unconditional*; and can neither be secured by faith, repentance and good works, nor forfeited by unbelief, impenitence and evil-doings, *in this life*. If we suppose that it is really *conditional*, and cannot be received and enjoyed by us except we exercise faith and repentance, and perform good works, *in this life*, then, to maintain consistency, we must allow that all who pass out of this world without these necessary preparations must be eternally excluded from the participation of blessedness in the seed of Abraham. And if so, we must utterly despair of the salvation of all who die in infancy, in idiocy and in heathen darkness, and indeed of nearly the whole human family! But in believing that our final happiness will be received by us as the *free gift of God*, and that it does not depend upon our own doings, we are encouraged to hope for the salvation of infants and all others that die without the knowledge of God. We look forward with joyous expectations to that blissful period when all who have borne the image of the earthy, shall also bear the image of the heavenly, when the last enemy of man shall be destroyed, and the whole human family raised to perennial life and un fading glory! A. M.

New-London, Conn.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

How consoling the *reflection* that every event is superintended by *infinite wisdom*, that He, whose prerogative it is to say to the mighty ocean, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," presides at the helm, and guides our frail bark in the raging storm as in the sunshine.

When the sun of prosperity illumines our path, when health invigorates our system, giving a peculiar zest to every enjoyment, when friends smile around us, and the blessings of a bounteous providence fill our cups to overflowing, every favor is rendered doubly valuable by receiving it as the gift of a kind and beneficent Parent, who ever careth for us, and satisfieth our every want from his inexhaustible fullness. But when the scene is reversed, when adversity lowers upon us with her darkest frown, when disease preys upon our strength, sucking our very life blood, and turning every sweet into wormwood and gall; when the friends that fluttered around us in the sunshine of prosperity, forsake us, as the glittering insects of summer flee at the approach of the cold blasts of winter; when every earthly source of comfort seems to be cut off, and every fountain of enjoyment to be dried up, we shall experience peculiar benefit in having our minds stayed on God, that we may not be left comfortless and alone; that we may realize that he who gave us existence, is indeed our father and unchanging friend, and that he will not inflict one more pang than his infinite wisdom sees to be necessary. That it is the same love which directs his chastening rod that beams upon us when we experience his approving smiles: that he doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men; that, though he cause grief for a night, joy cometh in the morning. Indeed, when we

can fully exercise that confiding trust which our blessed Savior endeavored to instill into the minds of his followers, when he informed them that they "were of more value than many sparrows," we shall feel to rejoice even in affliction.—*Universalist Watchman*.

HAPPINESS.

It would form perhaps one of the most amusing, if not the most instructive chapters in the poetic history, to compare the various opinions expressed by the inspired respecting happiness. He who dwells in a lonely valley believes happiness resides in a crowded city among company and books; while he who sings amid the rattle of other men's chariot-wheels, and the smoke of ten thousand chimneys, fixes the abode of happiness by the side of some purling brook—beside a green hill, where the wind is ever fragrant, and the voice of nature alone is heard. The high-born bard, sick of the hollow courtesies of polished society, sighs for pastoral solitudes, where flowers never fade and flocks never stray, and beauty is never out of blossom; the shepherd bard, on the other hand, who has to wander over moors and mountains, half-choked in winter with drifting snow, and half-scorching in summer with burning suns—who has to smear and clip his flocks, as well as keep them from the fox, and save them, too, from smothering in a snow wreath, envies the opulent and longs to be a lord. There was some sense in the remark of a Scotchman, who in reading the saying of Solomon, "Snow is beautiful in its season," exclaimed, 'Aye, nae doubt it was beautiful to you, sitting with the rich wines and the lasses. o' Jerusalem aside you; but had ye been a poor stone-mason ye would hae said no such thing.'

"BUSINESS TO-MORROW"

—said the Theban governor, as he smilingly laid by unopened the letter that would have informed him of a conspiracy against his life—"business to-morrow"—the answer was his death warrant and he sealed it with a smile! That night he was assassinated. Whoever has read history, and investigated the cause of great events, cannot have failed to note how often the scale of success has been turned solely by the weight of time; and yet, as if in defiance of reason and experience, how many are in the daily practice of putting off "business till to-morrow" which should be done to-day; and this too rather from habit than indolence. There is no subject upon which there have been more maxims established than this; no theme more fruitful to the preacher than the value of time; still the waste of it is the source of failures, poverty, and even death. Now, the business is put off till "to-morrow," and the succor comes "too late." There is not a more universal error than procrastination; none so insidious, and none productive of more misery. None so insidious—for we often hear men descanting upon the folly of wasting time, who are in the daily practice of deferring what could and should be done at once. Strange fatality! that blinds, to ruin us. This foible is common to all classes of society—the merchant puts off the insurance of his ship, which was wrecked yesterday, "till to-morrow," the farmer puts off harvesting "till to-morrow," and then finds that "last night" the frost destroyed his crop—the carpenter defers building till "another day" until death approaches him with

Your house is finished, sir, at last,
A narrow house—a house of clay,
Your palace for "another day."

Bangor Courier.

There is more pleasure in advancing the happiness of others than in raising a man's own reputation for skill in any branch of science.—*Dr. Lardner*.

MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1835.

* * A most glaring error occurred in the "Reply to S. R. S." inserted in our last. Our types made Br. Le Favre say, in the 3d and 4th line from commencement, "though I have never been strenuous in enforcing the doctrine of *endless misery*;"—it should read "enforcing the doctrine of *no future misery*." Our only excuse is, that the article came to hand after the paper was made out, and through the hurry of crowding it in, and getting out our paper in season, it was not read with attention in proof. Some other comparatively trifling errors also occurred, for which we beg indulgence.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE.

FAITH to the *mind*, the *judgment*, appertains—
LOVE the dominion of the *heart* maintains—
HOPE, of desire and expectation formed,
To *Faith in Love* must ever be conformed,
Hence man derives, (when on the tireless wings
Of Christian *Hope*, his spirit upward springs,
To view the glories of the world above,)
From *Faith* his vision, and his strength from *Love*.

True FAITH is *active*:—vitality within,
With LOVE conjointly, it must conquer sin.
LOVE works by *Faith*, and doubt and fear depart—
Faith works by *Love*, and purifies the heart;
For *Faith* beholds the light of *Love Divine*,
And expectation and desire combine,
A *Hope* to form conformable thereto,
That *holy living* may therefrom ensue. A. C. T.

A FRIENDLY EPISTLE

To William C. Brownlee, Pastor of the Middle Dutch Church, New-York.

Philadelphia, Feb. 16, 1835.

Dear Sir—I feel disposed to address you in the epistolary form, in reference to some remarks by you made in the Second Presbyterian Church in this city, on Friday evening last. The meeting was appointed for a *one-sided discussion* of the question, "Is the Roman Catholic Religion, in any or all of its parts or principles, unfavorable to civil or religious liberty?" I term the discussion *one-sided*, inasmuch as it was understood that only one side of the question would be presented to the audience. You were the principal speaker on the occasion; and I listened with much attention and with no inconsiderable degree of interest, to your address of three hours in length. You evinced much talent, tact, erudition and eloquence. Your arguments were of the plain, pointed, pithy, pungent character; and I cannot perceive how any unbiassed mind could gainsay your deductions. I, for one, am as fully satisfied as you can possibly be, that the Roman Catholic Religion, in at least many of its parts and principles, is unfavorable as well to civil as to religious liberty. Such has always been the solemn conviction of my understanding; and I am pleased to learn that men of your intellectual power and energy have buckled on the armour, to wage war against the anti-republican and anti-christian principles adverted to. You will not of course so misapprehend my meaning, as to suppose, that I approbate all the means adopted by you and others to bring the Roman Catholic Religion into disrepute. I cannot believe that a Christian disciple is justified in making use of Beelzebub to cast out the Devil. The written controversy between you and several of the Roman Catholic priests of New-York displays so much acrimony of feeling and discourteousness of style, as to merit the reprobation of every dispassionate mind.—The same remark is equally applicable to many parts of the discussion between Messrs. Hughes and Breckenridge.—Reveling is as unbecoming in the mouth of a christian, as blessing would be in the mouth of a fiend. I will add, that the republication, with your sanction, of your letters entire, accompanied by *extracts* only of the communications of your Catholic antagonists, is a specimen of palpable injustice, which should not be countenanced in a christian community. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye EVEN so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

I have thought proper to introduce these remarks to the end that my acknowledgment of unity with you in the general principles of your warfare against anti-republican and anti-christian tenets, might not be erroneously construed by

our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church. I term them *brethren*—for such, in my judgment, they are, however false and pernicious their doctrines may be. And I hope that we may ever be enabled properly to distinguish between *persons* and *principles*, between *errorists* and *errors*.

The general topic and object of this epistle may now be brought to view. I am entirely satisfied, that in your attempt to establish the position, that the Roman Catholic Religion is unfavorable to civil and religious liberty, you cut a stick to break your own head withal, (if I may be allowed to use so homely an expression.) I do not pretend to affirm, that all your arguments against Papacy might be urged with equal propriety against the doctrines by you advocated and the practices by you sanctioned—but I expect to show that this is the fact in relation to *many* of the arguments advanced in the one-sided discussion aforesaid. If this can be made to appear, the inference will be, not that your arguments on that subject were in any respect fallacious, but simply, that you had not sufficient discernment to perceive either the consequences of your reasoning, or the bearing of many of your incidental remarks.

I will introduce the principal topic of this epistle, by a reference to the following statement. "In the controversy between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants, the former possess one important advantage:—the *assertions* of the Priests have more weight in the judgment of their adherents, than our *proofs* can possibly have." I pretend not to quote your precise language, but the substance of the statement is carefully preserved. I have no doubt that the statement is lamentably correct; and I entertain as little doubt that many of the members of the Middle Dutch Church in N. York, place more confidence in the *unsupported assertions* of their respected Pastor, than they would in the *demonstrations* of a Universalist. There is such a thing as Protestant Popery; and this man of sin must be destroyed by the brightness of the coming of the Lord, before the Christian Church can shine forth gloriously in the holiness of her God. It is not unfrequently the case that Protestant clergy exercise a power correspondent in many respects to the authority exerted by the subordinates of the Papal See; and I apprehend that even you, Sir, will not aver, that you have never been cognizant of an instance, in which your *simple declaration* to the contrary, has neutralized and destroyed the influence of the most irrefragable evidence in proof of the final salvation of our race. I pray you avoid this course in future; for it will be in vain that you charge the Roman Catholic Priests with possessing and exercising anti-christian authority over the minds of their adherents, so long as you are in the like condemnation yourself.

In the progress of your address, you proved from the "Index Prohibitorum," that the Bible was a prohibited book to the laity of the Roman Catholic Church; and that "Holy Mother Church," and not the Bible, was the oracle of religious truth in that denomination. You stated in illustration, that Sir Thomas Moore received special permission from the Bishop to peruse the Scriptures, with the injunction, as you satirically remarked, that he must be careful not to find a single idea therein opposed to the doctrines of Christianity as expounded by the Church of which he was a member.—Your witty remarks on this spiritual despotism, produced quite a sensation of merriment in the congregation; and memory immediately brought into view the distich of the poet:—

"You laugh—'tis well; the tale applied;
Will make you laugh on t'other side."

The Bible is not, indeed, a prohibited book in any Protestant association—but it is nevertheless undeniable, that the dominant sects are required to base their faith in the instructions of antiquated creeds; and if, in studying the sacred Scriptures, they discover and acknowledge the truth of any doctrine denied by the Church to which they belong, they are forthwith arraigned for trial on the charge of heresy, and expelled from the communion and fellowship of "the faithful." It matters nothing, so far as the principle is concerned, whether the thunders of anathema proceed from the Vatican, or from the Consistory or Council of a Protestant Popedom; and until you either discard your creeds and receive the *Bible alone* as the standard of your faith, or practically concede the right of every member of your Church to believe and avow whatever doctrine is, in his judgment, clearly taught in the Bible, you will be obnoxious to the condemnatory sentence by you pronounced on the practices sanctioned by the Roman Catholic Religion.

I was much amused with the lamentations of the present

Pope, referred to and cited in your address—lamentations predicated of the rapid increase and extensive circulation of Protestant books, pamphlets, papers, &c. You assigned as the reason for said lamentations, that "the old man at Rome feels that he is coming down;" and this, I judge, is the sole cause of the doleful references of the Pope. But what conclusion shall we deduce from the fact, that the Partialist denominations of Protestantism are continually lamenting the rapid increase of Universalist books, pamphlets, papers, societies and preachers? The only result to which I have been enabled to arrive is this—that the fabric of self-styled orthodoxy is tottering to its fall. One by one the believers in partial systems of religion are renouncing the dogmas in which they were educated, and embracing the explicit and heart-rejoicing testimony of the Book, that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Sir, the work is going on, "God speed" is pronounced by the prayers of the saints and by the voice of every christian philanthropist. You, sir, are a co-worker with us in the labor of love—for in your opposition to the Roman Catholic Religion you are striking at the root of the principles which have hitherto counter-worked, or at least retarded, the operation of the heaven of Christian truth.

In establishing the position that the Roman religion is unfavorable to religious liberty, you presented the argument, that said Religion confines salvation to the limits of the Roman Catholic Church. Are you sure that the argument has not equal weight when directed against yourself? You limit the salvation of our God to the boundaries of what you term *evangelical churches*, while for the Universalists, and for some others, you believe is reserved the unspeakable vengeance of offended heaven. What matters it, in the principle, whether a denial of infallibility in the Pope, or of endless damnation and its concomitant doctrines in your creed be the procuring cause of exclusion from the blessedness of immortality? Sir, if you are really sincere in your adhesion to the creed of your denomination, you as certainly admit the infallibility of the Genevan Reformer, as does the Catholic the infallibility of "Mother Church." They who framed the creed of which you are an advocate, incorporated therein the Bible doctrine as they understood it; and more than this was never pretended by any adherent of the Papal hierarchy. Your adherence to the formularies of your church, is as good evidence that you believe the framers thereof were infallibly correct in their judgment on doctrinal points, as is the pertinacity of your Roman Catholic brethren, that they believe there is no error in the decrees of the Council of Trent. And if the latter is to be condemned for limiting salvation to those who unite with him in sentiment, you cannot be justified in denying the joys of the incorruptible life to those who disagree with you in the leading items of your faith.

In your address you dwelt with much power and some feeling on the reproaches with which yourself and others have been visited by those to whose doctrines you stood opposed. You stated that you had been, and still expected to be, slandered, because of your determined opposition to what you conceived were anti-christian principles in the Roman Catholic Religion. All this is undoubtedly correct. He who assumes a decided and energetic opponent position towards any powerful party, whether in politics or religion, must expect to be reproached and slandered in exact proportion to the fears excited that his warfare will be successful. I have some reason to know that this is sometimes the case. Sir, do you remember a pamphlet of 12 pages, entitled, "213 Questions without Answers," by A. C. T. ? Do you remember the conduct of the editors of the organ of the Dutch Reformed Church in relation thereto? Have you forgotten that the author of said pamphlet was termed "a hired blasphemer," a "deistical infidel" whose "heart is gigantic in wickedness"? Will you deny that these and correspondent slanderous and reproachful epithets were committed to paper by your own hand, and published with your sanction? I regret that circumstances seem to require a reference to this matter—but you undertook to pluck the mote out of your Catholic brother's eye, while a beam was in your own; and I hope to do you good by causing you to remember, that you have forgotten some items which may serve as an illustration of the fact, that opponents of popular views must expect to be slandered and reproached.

There are still a few particulars of similar character with the foregoing, to which I invite your attention. After citing abundantly from Catholic writers, (and the citations were in all conscience sufficiently awful to excite abhorrence and disgust in every feeling mind,) you remarked that the

Roman Catholics denied these things in the very face of their own authors. Your comments on such denials were to the point, and could I remember them *verbatim*, I would introduce them in this epistle for your own edification.—Have you forgotten your denial of the statement of Br. Thomas J. Sawyer, that according to Calvin's authority, some men and angels were created for damnation? You denied positively and unequivocally, that any such sentiment was to be found in Calvin's pages. What was the issue? The citations were furnished from Calvin's Institutes, with references to chapter and section; and instead of acknowledging your mistake, you virtually persisted in the denial aforesaid, by maintaining a disrespectful silence. Sir, your charges against the Roman Catholics are out of place. They came too soon. Redeem *your own* character, in the particular adverted to, and then you may urge the allegation in question without being obnoxious to the like reproof.

In further confirmation of the position that the Roman Catholics have resorted to wicked and unjustifiable measures for the overthrow of Protestantism, you referred to the false reports by them propagated concerning Calvin and Knox. The former, according to Catholic authority, died blaspheming and cursing God; and the head of the latter was changed to the head of a dog, with the face backwards, in demonstration of the justice of God on the heretic! Reports of this description are much to be condemned; and while they exhibit the depravity of the hearts of those who originate and circulate them, they prove that the reporters have nothing more powerful wherewith to arrest the progress of the obnoxious heresy. Sir, are you sure that you have not fallen into condemnation? Are you sure that many of the reports circulated by your party in relation to Universalists, are not equally false and wicked? How often have you published accounts of the awful deaths of Universalists? or of their wicked lives? when those reports, in the detail, were self-contradictory and improbable, and as a whole utterly destitute of foundation in fact. It would seem that many of the opposers of Universalism have practically adopted the Popish axiom, that the end justifies the means.—The end to be obtained is the destruction and overthrow of Universalism—and the means frequently adopted are as unworthy of men of principle, as the object contemplated is irreconcilable with the holiest aspirations of the human heart.

The facts by you stated on the subject of persecution, were appalling to the last degree; and your argument, drawn from the fact that Protestants deprecate, abhor, and revoke any and every thing in Protestant doctrine or practice which was favorable to persecution, was, in my judgment, "perfect and entire, wanting nothing." The alleged infallibility of Popes or councils, or both, must forever debar the Roman Catholic from the advantage of that argument. Leaving these matters, I desire to notice your statement, that "the farther we recede from the days of the Reformation, the less of a persecuting spirit we discover." This is true—but you, sir, and your brethren of like awful faith must recede, much farther than you have yet receded, before the spirit in question is totally abolished. You have measurably destroyed the superstructure, but the foundation still remains. You have come forth from the tombs, but you are still arrayed in the garments of the grave. You must discard the idea that God will eternally torment the heretic in the future world, before you can be delivered from the principle and ground work of persecution in this. The faggots piled around the stake to which the martyr has been bound, have invariably been lighted by the flames of inextinguishable fire! The tortures inflicted in the dungeons of the Inquisitions of Europe, were fashioned after the model of immortal pangs! Sir, you must come away from the shade of the *Upas*, if you would be beyond the reach of its poisonous influence. You must come out into the broad sun-light of *Universal and Unchanging Love*, if you would experience its transforming power. You must behold our God in Christ, reconciling a lapsed world to himself, before you can fully realize the quickening energies of the Holy Ghost.

In noticing the persecutions sanctioned by Catholic principles, you quoted a French Catholic author, stating that he was in many respects a mild and amiable man. The citation denominated the extermination of heretics, "*holy severity*;" and I shall not soon forget the peculiarly contemptuous manner and tone in which you said, "*Holy severity!* what kind of severity is that?" I fully accord with you in this matter—but, sir, when the Universalist enters the severity of endless punishment as an objection to that doctrine, your

reply attempts a defence of interminable misery, on the ground that the holiness of God requires it—in other words, endless punishment is *holy severity*. May I ask in turn, What kind of severity is that? Do you pity the mental imbecility or criminal perversity which can connect the epithet *holy* with the destruction of temporal life by devouring fire, and not perceive that you condemn yourself in advocating unending torments on the principle of *holiness*? Sir, Christianity teaches me that every feeling and action which has not happiness as its aim and end, is unholy and an abomination in the sight of God; and you possess not either argument or sophistry sufficient to convince any reasonable man, that holiness can be vindicated by the perpetuity of its opposite.

You said in your address, that "Christianity converts a tiger into a lamb," which is unquestionably true—and you added with emphasis, "but the principles of the Roman Catholic Religion convert a lamb into a tiger!" Are you sure that this latter remark is not equally applicable to the principles of your creed? Jesus is spoken of as the *Lamb of God*. In this world he was the friend of publicans and sinners. He was a Lamb in his lovely disposition and character—and I heartily rejoice in the assurance, that he is "the same to-day, yesterday, and forever." But, according to your creed, that blessed Lamb will in the day of judgment be revealed in the character and disposition of a *Tiger*! Sir, you are wrong. You do despite to the spirit of his grace, in believing and advocating a doctrine which supposes a change in the benevolent feelings of his heart. You trample under foot the blood of the everlasting covenant and count it an unholy thing, in denying that he shall subdue all things to himself, and deliver up the kingdom to the Father, that God may be *all in all*. Sir, your doctrine of endless punishment *theoretically* transforms the Lamb of God into a *Tiger*! and it has *practically* exerted the like influence on many of our race.—I pray you, renounce the mystery of iniquity.

You referred, in your address, to the hundred thousand Waldenses, who fell in one day on the plains of Langeudoc, beneath the fury of the minions of the Pope. You also referred to the massacre of St. Bartholomew—and you said, "Should you ever visit Rome, go into the Vatican—(you will be admitted)—and you will there behold a painting representing the King of France encouraging his soldiers in the bloody work; and between that painting and another of the same description, you will behold a medal struck by order of the Pope, in commemoration of that dreadful massacre!" Sir, you spoke this with a power which went through the house like electricity! and had you proceeded to represent the Almighty as encouraging the fiends of darkness in their appointed work of tormenting the damned, your audience would have shuddered in every fibre!! Why should you do your work by halves? Are you willing to blast the name of the Pope and of the King of France with everlasting infamy, and in the next breath glorify and honor your God and Savior by ascribing to him ten-fold malignity?

You spoke also of the work of the Roman Catholic Religion in South America. In a mellow, subdued and touching voice, you said, "Fifteen million poor, ignorant Indians, exterminated by the Priests!" Sir, what say you concerning the endless damnation of those "poor, ignorant Indians," by the Father of Mercies and God of all grace?

I might pursue this subject—but I forbear. What I have written has been written with a view to your profit. I lament that a man of your talents and eloquence should be engaged in the propagation and defence of a God-dishonoring, man-tormenting and contradictory creed; and I sincerely beseech the Spiritual Father, more clearly to unveil to you the infinite loveliness of his Divine character and purposes, make of you a minister and a witness of the truth as it is in Jesus, and cause your labors to be abundantly blessed in the life-giving Gospel of the Prince of Peace.

Respectfully yours, &c. ABEL C. THOMAS.

[From the Independent Messenger, of Feb. 7th.]

OMEGA.

My late notice of the Prize Tale;—"The Sacrifice; A Clergyman's Story," seems to have rather disturbed the equanimity (1) of Mr. Price, of the *New-York and Philadelphia Universalist*. Did the good man really expect I should republish and puff a price-paid fiction (2)—a tale advertised for—written for value to be received, and published, (like a thousand other sectarian Prize Tracts) for the promotion of sectarian interest.

Knowing the stand I have taken, (3) he must entertain a high opinion of my consistency, to expect my approbation of such productions. Those who want them, and are willing to pay for them, have an undoubted right to procure and publish them, whenever they please. I, too, have an undoubted right to express my opinion concerning them, (4) whether written by male or female, whether sent out from Nassau-street, or Chatham Square. And when I offer a premium for the best *Story* to help on my cause, I will not complain, if it gets a rap of censure from those who deem its tendency mischievous. Above all, I will endeavor not to pretend that it means something very different from what it says, (5.) As to my uncourteousness to the lady authoress, which seems to raise the bristles of Mr. P.'s gallantry, (6) I have intentionally offered none. She is a stranger to me, and so far as mental and literary talent are concerned, I have in no way dishonored her production. Of her religious opinions, I know nothing. Her tale is *rank Universalist*. If she wrote at all, as a competitor for a Universalist Publisher's Prize, she must of course write such a tale. If she had written for the Calvinistic Prize offering publishers, she must have written to suit them. If she were to write for me, the same; for certainly I would not pay her for writing up either Calvinism or Universalism. I have heard of very flaming orthodox Fictions being written by literati who had no actual faith in orthodox doctrines, but who wrote to suit their employers, and were paid for it to their satisfaction. It is not impossible that Universalist Fictions may be got up in the same way. Therefore, with the actual opinions of Miss J. H. Kinney, I have nothing to do, either in the way of censure or approbation. I have no reason to doubt that she could write as good a Restorationist Tale, as she has a Universalist. If she is a lady of sense she will construe nothing I have said, as personally uncourteous to herself; for it is apparent I have intended nothing of the kind. If she is not a lady of sense, and prefers the homage of coxcomb flattery to the well meant plain dealing of manhood, I shall prove myself suitably indifferent to her resentment. I will have no altercation or misunderstanding whatever with the lady—and after this as little with any chivalrous knight-errant, who may have an itching palm to break a lance in her behalf.

Good Mr. Price, like the rest of the craft, (7) holds forth lugubriously about my "bad state of feeling"—my dreadful "*spirit*." Did ever these men have an opponent who (in their judgment) was not possessed of an evil spirit. My spirit would be good enough, if I would only echo their notions, applaud their measures, puff their productions, and succumb to their sectarian policy—all which I would willingly do, if I believed with, followed, and fellowshiped them. As it is, I must dissent from and reprove. If therefore they count me an enemy, and will have it that I have an *evil spirit*—so be it. They may find it otherwise at last. Albeit, if Christ "*without spot or blemish*" was accused of familiarity with Belzebub, by those whom he disfellowshipped and reprov'd—it is nothing strange that one of his frail followers should be accounted possessed of an "*evil spirit*." Granting, what they all say, that I have one, or if they please a "*legion*,"—I shall hardly be dispossessed by their incantations—not even though like the "seven sons of one Sceva a Jew"—they should adjure the demon "*by Jesus whom Paul preacheth*" to come out. The response would be equally pertinent in this as in that case.—"*Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?*" It will do better for men to pluck the mote out of their neighbor's eye, after they have extracted the beam from their own. This much I have to say in reply to Mr. Price of New-York.

The reader will now wish to know in what

respect the heading of this article indicates its contents. I will tell him. "Omega," the last letter of the Greek Alphabet was anciently used to denote the end of any matter or thing. I mean that this article shall end all newspaper controversy on my part with Universalist editors and their adherents, (8.) My opinions, views and feelings are known. My stand has been taken. My testimony has been recorded. My course is marked. I am inflexible. If I have acted, as I profess to have acted, from the beginning, from good motives, honestly and conscientiously—God will be my shield and reward. If otherwise, the recompense of my wickedness will sooner or later, here or hereafter, find me out. At present I have nothing to recant, save a few hasty expressions, scattered through my writings—such as are incidental to all zealous controversial productions, and these not for having been ill meant. I have been no man's personal enemy; I have coveted no man's silver or gold; I have wished to take away no man's rights. I have only claimed, defended and exercised those of myself and brethren. I have loved and endeavored to defend the doctrine of infinite love and universal reconciliation, on the only ground which appeared to me to be warranted by Scripture, reason and the moral welfare of mankind. Whether I am right or wrong God knows; but as I have *believed*, so have I spoken and acted. I have opposed what is called Universalism, with an indefatigable and uncompromising zeal. I have challenged its advocates to discussion, and met them whenever I had an opponent. I have reasoned against, repelled and controverted whatever in Universalist doctrine, spirit and practice, I deemed essentially erroneous. I have deemed, and still deem, their prominent tenets, their style of preaching and writing, their tone of feeling towards other denominations, and the general drift of their sectarian policy, *hostile* to genuine christianity, (9.) If wrong, God enlighten and forgive me. So I think—so I must speak. The treatment I have received, and seen others of my brethren receive, has stamped with additional force this conviction indelibly on my mind. A deep, inveterate, ineradicable disgust (10) has been forced upon my heart, which it is altogether probable will go with me to the grave—and to that day of *light*, which I hold will reveal every man, feeling, and action, in naked undisguised relief. In saying all this, I protest I am no man's enemy—no man's ill wisher—my warfare is against notions advocated, policy pursued, practices persisted in, which I verily believe are irreconcilable with the moral welfare of their promoters and of the world.

But there is a time to pause, a time to be silent, a time to cease from controversy. After a man has done and said enough in the way of opposition and reproof—after he has been a thousand times accused of being actuated by an *evil spirit*, and a thousand times conjured to be *still* and let the subjects of his reproof alone—it is time to leave them to themselves—to let them eat the fruit of their own chosen ways—till the ripened monitions of a bitter experience shall convince them of their mistake. I feel that such a time has come with me, in relation to the managers of the Universalist denomination. With them, therefore, I will have no more contention, will use no more remonstrance, will administer no more reproof. They may believe, preach, write, publish and manage just in their own way. From me, in the way of newspaper controversy, they will hear no more. Others may oppose, reprove and thwart them, but I will not be at the pains. The residue of my life shall be devoted to other concerns. They may increase in the number of their adherents, may multiply their newspapers, may extend the pecuniary patronage of their publications, may form new societies here and there, may build

meeting-houses, may magnify their successes, may receive honor and applause one of another—but if, with their present system of doctrines, tone of feeling, style of preaching and writing, and method of procedure, they ever *permanently* establish any considerable number of exemplary Christian churches, "The Lord hath not spoken by me." My controversy with them has ended.

Notes.

1. Why did he not honorably insert our remarks that his readers might judge for themselves whose "equanimity" was most "disturbed"?

2. Was any such desire expressed or even intimated? Why then mislead the reader? No, we certainly did not expect any one to "publish" or approve of it, without they deemed it worthy; and neither did we expect any one to misrepresent it, and the circumstances under which it appeared, to gratify a malicious or revengeful feeling towards others from whom he may have received real, or imaginary, wrong!

3. We frankly confess, that "knowing the stand he has taken," since we have read his paper, we had no reason to expect his favor or approbation towards any thing we might do, so long as we should be on terms of friendship with those who had not his confidence. We are not of that class, however, who are inclined to fight the battles of others for the sake of preserving their friendship or favor.

4. True—but you have no "right" to misrepresent, for an excuse to denounce them.

5. This remark is predicated on the second paragraph of our observations on his first article. The reader will please turn to it, in No. 12, Jan. 17, page 91. We repeat, what was there in substance stated, there can be no possible justification for the manner in which he has "twisted" the subject. He farther says, the "Tale is rank Universalist;" that if "she wrote at all for a Universalist Publisher's Prize," she must so write, and that he doubts not "she could write as good a Restorationist Tale, as she has a Universalist." And we doubt not that if even the one in question had appeared through a *different channel*, it would have been shorn at once of all its enormities, and would have been good Restorationism enough for him. True, the "fair authoress," (using his own language,) was writing for a "Universalist Publisher's Prize." Yes, *Universalist*! We glory in the name by which the early advocates of the doctrine in this country were willing to be known and distinguished among men, and God grant that we may *never*, no *NEVER*, become ashamed of it! But in regard to the construction which the editor in question would put upon the term, it is proper for us to say, that he evidently again errs, so far as ourselves are concerned. We have never advocated the distinctive idea of *no future punishment*, by which he would so pertinaciously understand the term *Universalist*. On this subject we have ever felt ourselves in the hands of an all-wise, just and good God, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and who, consequently, can deal no otherwise than *justly* with us, whether in *time* or *eternity*; and we look forward with unbounded confidence to the final reconciliation of all things to Him—firmly believing that the same mercy which has overshadowed us, and been bestowed upon us without measure, will reach every son and daughter of Adam. We know there has been strenuous endeavors to draw the line of distinction between believers in future and no future misery, but we are gratified in the conviction that the great body of the denomination do not countenance it. With several years experience in the faith, we have never been able to know any difference between brethren uniting in the great leading principle of the final restoration of all men to holiness and happiness, and we have no anxiety to be inducted into a contrary feeling. If there is here an individual disposed to be pertinacious on one view of the subject, we see not that we must of necessity be pertinacious on the other; or that we must quarrel with another, because he has a quarrel with that other person.

He speaks of our "gallantry" towards the "lady authoress," on which we need only observe, as we have before in substance done, that if he had possessed the honor and magnanimity to insert our remarks, his readers could have seen whose "bristles" were up; and they would have seen, too, that our remarks were directed as well to his seeming wilful misrepresentation, in asserting that "the Universalists" had "got up" the tale, &c. when he knew that it was an individual measure, as to his ungentlemanly treatment of the authoress in dragging her production into disputes which he has had with particular individuals, and with which she had

no concern, and to which she had made no allusion. The canting expressions through his whole article, and the rancorous spirit manifested, were both unmanly and unchristian, and the writer will sooner or later be ashamed of them.

7. By the term "craft," the editor unquestionably means advocates of no future punishment. And as he has arrayed us with them, without ceremony, in his distinctive view of the subject, we may be allowed to inquire, Did we ever ask him to "echo" our "notions"—"applaud our measures, puff our productions, and succumb to our sectarian policy"? Or have we interfered with him in any manner whatever? We have not, we admit, been inattentive observers of his course, and we have many times, in contemplating the spirit which his articles breathed, been constrained to say, if this is Restorationism, we have not so learned it, and God in mercy preserve us from it.

8. For his own credit, and that of the christian profession, we have reason to be thankful for this resolution. For we must frankly acknowledge, that we have seldom seen greater bitterness than his editorial columns have sometimes exhibited towards Universalists. We could have wished, however, the resolution had been adopted under different circumstances, and in a different manner.

9. And in his zeal to rectify others, has he not gone almost infinitely beyond them himself, in his "style of writing, tone of preaching, and sectarian policy"? Reflect.

10. Is this the language of a christian? And what pleasure or enjoyment, pray tell, can he promise to himself by harboring such feelings in his bosom through life, and even into eternity? We might very rationally conclude that he needed to be instructed himself in the first principles of the Gospel of Christ. A Christian talk of "deep, inveterate, ineradicable disgust"! *Forgive us our trespasses, AS we forgive those who trespass against us.*

Without any ill feeling at all towards Mr. Ballou, we would frankly and seriously recommend to him to review his conduct. We hardly think it will all pass his own ordeal. If others have indeed injured him, and his friends, he will not be very likely to convince them of it, or the world at large, by the steps that he is taking. Let him show them by a contrary course, that he rises superior to all their measures of injustice, and he will at once disarm them.

In regard to his closing prophecy, we need only say, that such has been his language ever since we have known any thing of his paper, and yet the glorious cause of God's universal grace, under the name of Universalism, has prospered to an unparalleled degree—is now prospering, and may heaven speed it onward, till it pervades all nations, kindreds and people.

Married.

In North Salem, on the 17th inst. by Rev. Mr. Frazier, Mr. WILLIAM HOWE, jr. and Miss LYDIA PURDY.

Died.

In New-York of a consumption on the morning of the 22d inst. Mrs. MARY DURA, aged 67.

In Huntingtown, L. I. on the morning of the 15th inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of Mr. Elbert Carll, and daughter of Zophar B. Oakley, Esq. aged 20. In the death of Mrs. Carll, we have another demonstration that the grim messenger spares neither worth, age, or condition, but levels all within his course. In the opening prospect of life, few could indulge in brighter anticipations than Mrs. C. Reared in the lap of plenty, and under the most judicious parental care, she was admirably fitted, though young, to enter upon the active and interesting duties of life. We may sum it all in few words—*she was an amiable woman, and was esteemed by all who knew her.* But the sun of her mortal existence has gone down suddenly, ere she could obtain but a glimpse of that earthly joy and happiness which seemed to be in reserve for her, leaving a young and affectionate husband to mourn his unexpected bereavement, her parents the loss of a kind and amiable child, and society one of its brightest ornaments.

Mrs. Carll was educated a Universalist, and well did her religious views sustain her in the last trying scene. A letter from the afflicted father says, "She left this life with the most perfect composure, and in the full assurance of happiness hereafter. Death was no terror to her. Her whole trust was in Him who is able to save." Well may the bereaved parents joy, in one sense, even amid their severe afflictions. As they have learned Christ, they can yield up their cherished offspring to the Dispenser of all Life, in the full assurance that the separation is but short, and that they shall again meet them in a better and happier world. May the consolations of the Gospel of Peace be richly showered on all the mourning friends.

Ballou's Nine Sermons,

Delivered in Philadelphia in Nov. 1834, just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, at this office. Retail, 50 cts.

THE DYING MOTHER.

It is a solemn task, to wait beside
The couch of the departing; to kneel down,
And wipe the death-damps from the cold white brow
Of those we love; to moisten the dry lips,
And grasp the hand, too feeble to return
The slightest pressure, and to see the lid
Grow fixed and motionless above the eye;
In utter helplessness to sit, and mark
Each lessening pulse throb faint and fainter still;
And know and feel that man can do no more,
Yet even here the voice of joy sometimes
Is heard above the wailing of distress.
There have been those who triumphed, when they died.
A form unseen stood by, and whispered words
The living may not hear, and nerved the soul
Of feeble woman, patiently to bear
Nature's last throes of mortal agony.
And there was one—a wife, a mother, friend,
Who taught, while dying, more exalted truths
Than thousand homilies could ever preach.
O, might her faltering tongue have uttered speech,
Methinks her voice had breathed a strain like this.

"Why should you bid me stay!
When the day is coming, would ye think to keep
The traveller from his home—to pine and weep,
And long to be away?
And when the soul doth spring
To seek its better home, O, could ye bind
With earthly fetters the expanding mind,
And check its soaring wing!"

I cannot close my eyes,
And drag my ardent aspirations down
From the bright hope and everlasting crown
That wait me in the skies.
Not for an earthly love,
Can I the purer love of Heaven forego,
Nor give up for the church of God below,
His holier church above.

To die!—this is not hard;
It is not too hard to leave a world like this,
And soar away unto the world of bliss,
And meet the great award!
But it is hard to strive
With earth's allurements—to subdue the soul—
To keep the heart and the whole life control—
Oh, 'tis hard to live!

And yet, if it were given
To train these little nurselings of my care,
To mould their thoughts, to teach them words of prayer,
And lead them up to Heaven—
I could awhile remain;
And guide them further on their doubtful way,
Shape straight their path, or if their feet should stray,
Lead back the lost again.

But there's a better guide,
Who will not fail them when my eyes grow dim,
And I can safely trust them all with Him,
He who himself was tried!
How sweet is my release;
My Savior robbed the grave of its alarm,
And leaning on His everlasting arm,
I can depart in peace."

MY MOTHER.

With whatever respect and admiration the child may regard a father, whose example has called forth his energies, and animated him in his various pursuits, he turns with greater affection, and more intense love, to a kind hearted mother. The same emotion follows him through life, and when the changing vicissitudes of after years have removed his parents from him, seldom does the remembrance of his mother occur to his mind, unaccompanied by the most affectionate recollections.

Show me a man, though his brow be furrowed, and his hair grey, who has forgotten his mother, and I shall suspect that his memory is impaired, or that a hard heart is beating in his bosom. "My mother," is an expression of music and melody, and takes us back again to the days of our childhood—places us once more kneeling in the soft lap of a tender parent, and lifts up our little hands in morning and evening prayer.

For my own part, I never think of my mother, without thinking at the same time of unnumbered kindnesses, exercised not towards me only, but to all around her. From my earliest years, I remember that no shoeless or stockingless woman, with her cluster of dirty children, could pass unnoticed by her, and no weary and

wayworn traveller could rest on the milestone opposite our habitation, without being beckoned across to satisfy his hunger and thirst. No doubt she assisted many who were unworthy, for she relieved all within her influence.

"Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
Her pity gave ere charity began."

Had her kindness, like that of many, been confined to good counsel, or the mere act of giving what she had to bestow, it would not have been that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Her benevolence was uniform and unceasing—it was a part of her character. In benefiting another, difficulty only increased her desire and determination to be useful. She was one who "searched out" the cause she knew not. To be occupied in relieving the poor, and pleading the cause of the friendless, was medicine, to her body and mind.

Reader, if you think I have said enough, bear with me—remember I am speaking of my mother.

Among the many sons and daughters of affection, whose hearts were made glad by her benevolence was a poor woman by the name of Wim, who resided in the almshouse—my mother had known her in her childhood. Often have I gazed on the aged woman, as she shaped her tottering steps, leaning on a stick, towards our dwelling. A weekly allowance, a kind welcome, and a good dinner once a week, were her's, to the close of her existence. She had a grateful heart, and the blessing of her who was "ready to perish," literally rested on my mother.

Reader, have you a mother? If you have, call to mind her forbearance, her kindness, her love. Try also to return them by acts of affection, that when the future years shall arrive, when the green sod shall be springing over the resting-place of a kind-hearted parent, you may feel no accusing pang when you hear the endearing expression, "My mother!"

BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

We gazed upon the little innocent, so lovely even in death; robed in spotless white; and the sadness of our hearts was soothed with the thought that, though we were taking the last look of its pure body, and about to consign that to the earth, its spirit was in heaven—a happy angel!

We carried it gently to its quiet resting place. All was calm, soft, and serene. We brushed the dew from the grass, as we passed along, ere the sun had risen high enough to drink it up.—Emblem of human life! blessed dew of heaven! glittering in the morning only to be exhaled! filling the air with early fragrance only to be remembered at noon!

We slowly placed the little coffin in its narrow cell cut in the bosom of the earth. Happier bed than crib or cradle, if fond hearts would only think aright. We paused for a few moments, and lifted our hearts to God, silently beseeching him to "comfort those who mourned." As for the babe, we had nothing to ask. The sure word of promise had said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

As we looked on the yet open earth, we thought of the hopes that were about to be buried there. But why should they be? Why should they not rather rise from the ground and follow the bright track of an immortal soul, perfect in innocence, and only at the fountain of bliss, where that same soul shall rest forever and without change, without pain and without sin? What are the highest anticipations connected with this world, when compared to an eternity of unalloyed happiness which is to come; a happiness which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the imagination of man conceived."

In silence we closed the grave. The last offices of affection had been paid. The body had been committed to the earth, and the spirit to God who gave it.

Universalist Books,

Which may be obtained of A. C. Thomas, 132 Chestnut-street Philadelphia.

- Balfour's First Inquiry—being a faithful examination of all the passages in the Bible in which the word Hell occurs—\$1.
Balfour's Second Inquiry—being an examination of the Scriptural doctrine concerning the devil, and the import of the words translated everlasting, eternal, forever, &c.—\$1.
Balfour's Essays on the state of the dead, and inquiries into the meaning of the words judge, damn, condemn, and their derivatives—\$1.
Balfour's Examination of Stuart's Exegetical Essays—75 cts.
Balfour's Letters to Professor Stuart—25 cts. In this work the author has shown that his conversion to Universalism is mainly attributable to the Professor's criticisms on portions of the Bible.
Balfour's Letter in Reply to Dr. Allen's Lecture against Universal Salvation—25 cts.
Balfour's Letter to Whitman in defence of so much of the First Inquiry as pertains to the term Gehenna—25 cts.
Ballou's Treatise on Atonement—an invaluable work, being an inquiry into the origin, nature and effects of sin, and of the consequences of the Atonement—50 cts.
Ballou's Notes in illustration of the Parables—75 cts.
Ballou's XXV Lectures on important doctrines—\$1.
Ballou's XXV Select Sermons on various subjects—\$1.
Ballou's XI Sermons delivered in Philadelphia—37 cts.
Ballou's Examination of the doctrine of future Punishment—50 cts.
Ancient History of Universalism, by H. Ballou 2d.—\$1.
Modern History of Universalism, by T. Whittemore—\$1.
T. Southwood Smith's Treatise on the Divine Government—a work I would not be without for five times the price—75 cts.
Notes and Illustrations of the Parables, by Thomas Whittemore—an admirable and very useful volume—75 cts.
Paige's Selections from Eminent Commentators, showing that the most eminent Partialist critics justify the Universalist's interpretations of nearly every prominent passage in the New Testament—\$1.
Life of John Murray—Whittemore's much improved edition, 50 cts.—do, Marsh, Capen and Lyon's, 46 cts.—also an edition at 37 cts.
Winchester's Dialogues on Universal Restoration—63 cts.
R. Streeter's Familiar Conversations on the doctrine and tendency of Universalism—a fine work—50 cts.
Streeter's News from Three Worlds—25 cts.
Universalist Expositor—critical and explanatory—3 volumes \$2, 50 cts.
Dolphus Skinner's Letters to Drs. Aikin and Lansing—50 cts.
Eternal Hell Torments Overthrown—37 cts.
Pitt Morse's Review of Parker's Lectures against the doctrine of Universal Salvation.
David Pickering's Lectures in proof of Divine Revelation—a picture to which Christians do not sufficiently attend—75 cts.
Letters on Revelation between Ballou and Kneeland—50 cts.
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Discussion at Danvers between Whittemore and Braman—25 cts.
Christian Visitant—a very useful and interesting work, in two volumes—25 cts. each.
Reply to Hawes' Reasons for not embracing Universalism—13 cts.

Most of the above Books are for Sale, Wholesale and Retail, at No. 2 Chatham-Square, foot of Bowery, New-York.

REVISED EDITION

Of Notes and Illustrations of Parables
Just published, and for sale at the Trumpet Office, the Revised Edition of the work entitled "Notes and Illustrations of the Parables of the New-Testament, arranged according to the time in which they were spoken. By THOMAS WHITTEMORE."—382 pages large 12 mo. at the low price of 75 cents per copy. Twenty per cent discount by the dozen. All the parables of the New-Testament are explained at length in this work, and illustrated by appeals to the sacred scriptures. Particular attention has been paid to those parables which have been used to prove the doctrine of future endless misery; and extracts are given from orthodox commentators, of great respectability, to show that they have explained them as Universalists now do. Examine for yourselves. Boston, Sept. 1834.

☞ The above work for sale at No. 2 Chatham-Square, N. Y.

The Prize Tale.

We have just published at this office, in Pamphlet form, the Prize Tale inserted in No. 1 of this vol. \$2 50 per 100 \$7 1-2 cents per doz. Orders solicited.